

Exhibit F to Ferber Declaration  
Part 3

53

Brothers and sisters, do you love the Lord? I can't hear my flock. Brothers and sisters, he repeated, do you love the Lord? Well I do too. And if loving the Lord is wrong then I don't want to be right. The one time pimp turned pastor shouted. He was reverant Larry Williamson who owned First Southern Baptist Church on Delaware Avenue. Reverant Williamson and Sam were inmates back in the seventies and told him the church was suffering financial woes, and would soon the doors would close if ten thousand dollars was not raised to pay back taxes. Sam asked me to subsidize the debts of the church, and advised that by dooing so it would be considered a benifit to the community. The timing couldn't have been better because Mr. Cruz relocated the warehouse from New York back to Florida. To get our material, a trip once a month was necassary. After consulting with the boys I suggested sponsoring a free bus excursion to Disney World for the underprivesaged kids of the city, promoted by Reverant Williamson's church. This act of kindness would benifit the church chisdren, who probably would have never seen Disney World otherwise, and most importantly us. We could convey at least five hundred kilos a month on three chartered buses without being bothered by the highway patrol, because the church name was on the busses. And who ever bothered church busses on the expressway? My suggestion was okay'ed by the others so, I took twenty five thousand dollars to the reverant. Ten thousand dollars was for taxes,

54

Another ten thousand dollars was for him to get the buses up to par, and the last five thousand was for his pocket. The Lord will bless you son, he responded, while almost taking my hands off grabbing the money. I am sure he will Reverant, I am sure he will.

I took a week off for me and Lakita to spend with the baby in Puerto Rico. We had a wonderful time snorkeling, horse back riding, and swimming in the aqua green Carribean ocean. A private tour guide drove us to the city's of Arroyo, Bayaman, San Juan, and Ponce. Of all the places we visited, the city of Ponce was the most intriguing. Lakita fell in love with all of the jewelry and colthing soores. I was impressed with the food and the hospitality of the natives. Everyone seemed so polite and carefree. We were so impressed with Ponce, Lakita suggested we purchase a villa since land is inexpensive down there. We made an agreement with a realtor to purchase two villas for a total of fifteen thousand dollars. I told her one villa was for us and the other was for the boy's. Actually the other villa was for Kimmy, who had a fit when I told her I was vacationing for seven days with Lakita.

I called Mark in Philly to find out if everything was satisfactory and as usual it was'nt. Someone had set fire to three of his cars ans the landlord of his grandparents home of fourty years decided they were selling the buildings. Coincidentally, the landlord of his grandparents home was Vinny's uncle, Joey Tellati. Putting the two incidents together, Vinny was the likely culprit for the explosioins of Mark's

55

automobiles. Also, Shawn had befriended a guy named Pakistani Mike, who was a big time heroin dealer from Harlem, who recently was doing business in Philly. Shawn knew better than dealing with anybody who was in the smack business. We had previously vowed to never involve ourselves in heroin. Selling heroin would not only jeopardize his freedom but, would also grasp the immediate attention of the feds. This was a definite violation of the rules and should be addressed immediately. After speaking with Mark I phoned Kimmy only to receive more bad news. Her period was late, and she thought she might be pregnant. She also told me if I was not home by tomorrow our relationship was over.. I could not stand losing her, so I contrived an excuse so Lakita, the baby, and I could get a flight back to the city the next morning. She was furious but I promised to stay a whole week with her next month in our newly acquired villa. On the flight home she and I engaged in a lengthy conversation, where as she pleaded with me to get out of the fast life because of a dream she had with me getting killed. Usually, I paid little or no attention when she would ask me to do such. But this time I actually considered it. What would I do about money I asked her? Get a good job, she replied. Lakita, you like nice things and so do I, I began to explain. With working a regular nine to five you can't afford those type of luxuries. What is more important, she asked, money or your family? I totally disregarded the question. Then I tried another scape goat. What about my boy's? I can't

56

just leave them hanging, baby, I explicated. Look, in due time I am goooing to get out this shit. I need you to hang in there a little longer, okay baby? You promise, she whispered in my ear. Yeah baby, I promise.

The next day after returning to Philly a meeting was called at my house. Everyone was present, except Shawn, who arrived two hours late. During the meeting we discussed the fire bombings of Mark's cars and also, Shawns involvement with Pakistani Mike. He was warned to stay away from him and then was explained why. He responded by stating that he had the right to be with whomever he pleased, and that whatever side business he participated in had nothing to do with us. Many a times we had disagreements, but never had anything such as this came about. After a little more forceful convincing he agreed to cease all ties with Mike, and leave the heroin alone. For some reason I did not believe he was sincere with his truce and this shit would surface again. I was absolutely correct. About two weeks later we were informed by a reliable source that Shawn had instituted a partnership with Pakistani Mike in distributing heroin in Philadelphia, Camden and Newark, New Jersey. Another meeting was called by the thre@of us to discuss what should be done. We are going to have to remove the weak link to tighten the chain, Dante expressed. What do you mean, kill him? Mark questioned. You goddamn right, he answered. Obviously he

57

does not give a fuck ab<sup>o</sup>ut us so why should we care ab<sup>o</sup>ut him, Dante rationed. He did'nt offer to cut us in the deal, this motherfucker is plain greedy. As much as I despised Shawn's demeanor, I do not think we should kill him, I opinioned. It comes down to either him or us, my man, Mark stated. Let's wait until after the first bus excursion To Florida to pick up the five hundred bricks because we need his money, he continued. The mere thought of having to kill my partner made me realize that very moment, that it would be the beginning of the end. Because if they felt that way Shawn, the same rules would apply for me. My only rationalization concerning this matter Shawn brought this on him self. And there was nothing I could do about it. For the next two weeks before we were leaving for Florida we continued our relationship with him, and acted as if we did not know anything. The big day came with us chartering fifty underprivelaged children from across the city, to Disney World.

Lakita and the baby partook in the excursion as so did Shawn, Dante, and Marks family. Ironically, on the journey to Florida I was seated with Shawns mother. She revealed to me several childhood pictures of him and his older sister. I felt very upset, because I was sitting next to a mother who's only son I was going to kill. Trying to block it out of my mind did not solve the anxiety. All I could visualize was the photograph of Shawn and his sister at the zoo. We made it to Disney World and the Colombians met us in

58

a nearby hotel with the dope, as the others remained in the amusement center. We remained in Orlando for two days, but I was unable to enjoy myself because the worriation triggered my ulcers to act up and I was rushed to a nearby hospital. Upon arriving in Philly the drivers of the buses were instructed to drop everyone else off at the church then take the vehicles to a warehouse in Wynnefield. The four of us unloaded the five hundred kilos from the undercarriage of the bus, tipping the drivers five hundred dollars each.

While inspecting the shipment I recieved a page from Lakita who told me to immediately come home. As I pulled up in the driveway I spotted Kimmy's car parked across the street with her and a girlfriend hollering into the car phone. Kimmy did not see me enter the house. You better tell that crazy little New York bitch to get the fuck from in front of my house, Lakita demanded. She idson the phone hollering, she continued while handing me the phome. Instead of speaking I hung up the reciever and tried to rectify the situation by going outside to speak with kimmy. Get your shit and let's go she insanely demanded. Kimmy, go to New York and I'll call and explain everything to you tommorow, I pleaded. She called me every name in the book, then spit in my face and pulled off. I returned to the house to find Lakita packing the baby's belongings. When you get your shit together, call me, she stated. As a matter of fact, don't bother calling.

59

When you want to see your daughter I'll bring her to your mothers house. Before leaving, all of the diamonds I bought her she placed on the table, and told me to give them to my little ghetto bitch. She also had gone for a doctors check-up only to discover she was eight weeks pregnant. Everything seemed to be going wrong. But instead of sobbing in my own sorrows, I went to an Oriental massage parlor for the rest of the night to relax. I was so into myself that nobody elses feelings mattered. All I cared about was my money and fuck everything else because I knew Kimmy was able to be bought bsck and lakita would eventually come back like always.

Midway through te week the night of Shawns departure from the world was planned. Mark carefully plotted the hit. Making me responsible for picking Shawn up in our car and driving to our club house on Olney Avenue. We played spades and joked the whole night, reminiscing about the old days. Shawn seemed to be really enjoying himself, more so than I saw him in a long time. My stomach was getting upset, and drinking E & J brandy was not making matters better. Throughout the night, Mark occasionally glanced in my direction to observe my behavior. I had no idea when or where they were going to whack him but I felt it was coming soon. It became painfully obvious that something was wrong with me being silent. Ant, forget about tonight, Mark slid over and whispered. Just at that monent I felt



60

a sigh of relief and the monkey that was on my back had been removed. Although Shawn had not complied with our orders prohibiting him from dealing heroin, he was still a close friend, and i could not justify any situation that would as severe whereas taking his life would be mandated. We played spades until three o'clock in the morning then Dante suggested we ride to Harlem to shop at the Dapper Dan clothing store. While we were on the expressway Shawn and I engaged in an intricate conversation. Ant, if the other guys plotted to kill me would you go along with it? He asked almost as if he knew something was going down. Hell no I wouldn't go along with it, I decietfully responded. My mother told me you and her were talking during the trip to Florida and she thinks you are a very nice and intell~~o~~igent person, he continued. We sat in the back seat of the Mercedes coupe and chatted a while longer.

Shortly after we passed Metuchen and Pert Ambroy, which was exit ten on the New Jersey turnpike, Mark pulled over the car and said he was tired and felt he was no longer able to drive. Dante had fallen asleep and I was to exhausted to drive so Shawn took the wheel and Mark sat in the back of the car with me. I dozed off hoping that when I woke up we would be in New York. As I was sleeping I heard a sudden boom, almost like a cannon. I immediately woke up to see Shawns brain splattered against the windshield. Dante grabbed the steering wheel coasting the car to the guardrail.

61

Mark had shot Shawn in the back of his head with a Russian made glock forty five semi-automatic. I had to push Shawns lifeless body forward, which was surrounded by a pool of blood, and climb out of the car. The three of us walked along the expressway to th nearest exit, then caught a cab in Newark back to Philadelphia. My heart would not stop pounding because of how sudden all this happened. Dante and Shawn told me all this was planned and that they had no intentions of going to New York. Two days later the New Jersey coroner office contacted Shawns mother and asked if she could come identify the body. She was to distraught to drive and asked if I would be so kind as to take her. I agreed then drove to her home to pick her up. My hands were shaking so much before I reached her home i took four Xanax pills to relax. How could someone do this to my baby boy, she cried, draping her arms around me. I even started crying, then promised I would find the person responsible for this and have them taken care of. When we reached the medical examiners office, the face of Shawn appeared on a screen so she could identify him. She fainted to the floor after seeing half of his face removed. I became nauses, and immediately ran to the bathroom. This was as bad as if could get. When I returned home I called Lakita and asked if she would come back home. I Promised to leave Kimmy alone ask vowed in six months I was getting out of the game. Anthony, what happened to Shawn?, she questgioned. Please do not tell me you had anything to do with that, she begged. Tell me Ant, she persisted After I didn't say anything she read between the

lines and started to cry. For the first time since we started this business I felt sorry for getting involved in the shit. I knew getting out of the business would be harder than getting in. Now that i was a part of two murders there was no way of turning back. I was in need of a brek so Lakita asked her mother to watch the baby for a week, while me, her, Ings and Nasir flew to our villa in Ponce. Nasir told me he was getting out of the game in a few months because he made enough money to pay Ings way through college and to pursue his career in music. Get out of this shit while you can he advised. Ant, there is no winning in this game. There are only three places this shit will take you: the grave, jail, or rehab. Here was this skinny young boy giving me lessons about a game I taught him how to play. He proposed starting a partnership in a record label and buying realty in the state of Deleware. I told him i would think about it and get with him later on that. After telling him what happened to Shawn the remainder of our days in Puerto Rico it seemed as if he did not want to be bothered with me anymore. My intuition was correct, because that was the last time I heard from Nasir. Returning home we stillhad unsolved business to settle with Vinny, so I phoned him and arranged a meeting. We amicably resolved our diferences with terms never being disclosed to date. Having the Italians on our corner made life easier especially with the police, because most of the locals were either relatives or friends. One hand washes the other and both wash the face.

65

Thirty six telephone equipped luxury cars, three mansions, two villas in the Carribean Islands, and moving over four million dollars worth of dope a month. Those niggers must be stopped, bellowed the angry federal agent. Liutenant, do whatever is necessary to put these assholes out of business and behind bars. I haven't seen this many coons working together since slavery, he emphasized while lighting a cigarette. Hey boss what is the most effective approach the department can employ to do so, the assistant posed. The most conventional way of infiltrating blacks is by using other blacks, answered the racist agent. It worked with the Black Panther Party, NAACP, and every other colored organization on the past, why would these losers be any different? We have two African American officers from the Northern district who specialize in dealing with black underworld organizations in the metropolis. Assign the two agents to the dangerous task of bringing these cowboys to justice, the superior instructed. Will do commander, the frail officer replied gathering paperwork from his desk, will do!

Lakita and I had an extravagant wedding with over five hundred invited guests and family members. The wedding was convoked earlier than we planned due to her pregnancy. Mark was the best man while Ings ws the Maid of Honor in the wedding. The weather was beautiful and everyoone enjoyed themselves. The highlight of the evening was a quartet who sang always and forever. The four young voices were a group of boys from Philly who I heard harmonizing on South Street and decided to pay then to sing at the reception. Inevitably, the young group would later become critically acclaimed. Our honeymoon was spent in the Cayman Islands, then flying to the exotic Polynesian Island of Tonga. My priorities in life were being put in proper perspective. No longer was I hanging out all hours of the night and chasing women. I

64

decided to leave Kimmy alone for the sake of not losing Lakita, my new wife. The last conversation me and Kimmy had she questioned me as to what she was lacking to make me as happy as Lakita did. It was not an easy question to answer but after giving it some thought my response left her clueless as to what i meant. To make me happy I told her I needed Faith. She took my departure rather hard but it was imperative I place my wife and child well being ahead of her feelings.

Taking heed to the advice of Nasir, about starting a business, I opened five automobile detailing shops across the city and three in Camden, Trenton, and Newark in the state of New Jersey. The excursions to florida were routinely carried out on a monthly basis. Which limited in with Dante and Mark. We sold the two North Philly corners of Eighth and Butler streets and Fifth and Indiana Avenues to Spel and Angelo for five hundred thousand dollars and twenty five thousand dollars respectively. Even though each corner generated as much as one million dollars in sales per week, we eliminated the hassle of bagging up the large amounts of cocaine every month. The headache that came along with dealing with junkies was now eliminated by selling out. Besides, we were their wholesalers anyway. The more they made the more we made.

A friend named Lenny who was supposed to have been serving a fifteen to thirty year prison term for Interstate trafficking of heroin, had mysteriously come home after serving only six months of his sentence. I knew Lenny for a while, since we played in catholic youth organization basketball. So i thought nothing of him introducing me to his cousins from out of town. Their names were Dajuan

65

and Todd. Dajuan was his cousin on his mothers side, originally from Staten Island, now living in Conneticut. He was a clean cut, well dressed man in his late twenties. His style of dress, that included sweatshirts, jerseys and two tone wallabees made him look younger than he was. Todd was a distant cousin from Wister, Massachussettes who also wore similar apparel. The short stocky man who looked as if he were in his early thirties, appeared to be more street educated than Dajuan but, the two worked well together. Lenny informed me that they were mediocre dealers and wanted a better connection so they could prosper. A second meeting was arranged to be held in Valley Forge, in side of the swimming pool. Having a meeting inside a swimming pool would ensure that neither of the men were wearing wire taps. Mark and Dante asked if it was neccessary for them to be there but I assured them everything would be fine because they were kinfolks of Lenny. The meeting lasted only fifteen minutes because we got a late start due to heavy traffic and I was in a rush to get home to Lakita and the baby. The initial purchase was unusually small for a person to travel out of the state with but since they were family of Lenny's, special allowances were made. In due time our business relationship turned into a personal one. On many occasions me, Todd and Dajuan would shop up in Yonkers or attend Knicks and Seventy Sixers games. Strangely, Lenny would never travel with us out of state. I figured he was probably on parole and did not want to go through the hassle of notifying his p.o. every time he crossed state lines.

Our second baby was due in two months, and Lakita wanted to purchase a bigger home. We looked at several houses in upstate Pennsylvania before deciding to move in Villanova. The forty five acre, Colonial style house has five bedrooms, three and a half baths, and a two mile man made



66

lake with ducks. A two ton vault was installed in a secret area on the premises. Where I maintained cash and expensive jewels. As much as two million dollars, in cold hard cash was secured in the safe at all times. We had a relatively small house-warming party because Lakita was due anyday and couldn't stay on her feet long. Several of her friends attended with me only inviting Mark and Dajuan. We recieved very nic gifts but, the presevt from Dajuan struck my attention more than any other. His gift was an Old fashioned black telaphone with a wierd looking device on the wire connecting the base to the reciever. He said it eas nothing more than a decorative piece that was stylized during the fifties.

Moving to Villanova prohibited me from frequenting the city as much as I used to, becaue of the time it took traveling back and forth. Once or twice a week I would attend to the nessecities of my detailing stores which usually was not much to do. The shops were of no usefulness to the community other than drug dealers who could afford spending a hundred dollars cleaning their vehicles. Most of the customers were dealers being supplied by us anyway, so the money was recycled. Stupidly, I believed owning low profiting businesses would justify my wealth if ever questioned by the I.R.S or the feds. Many a nights I would cruise across the city to observe the fruits of our labor. During those years despite the increase in narcotic arrests, all major crime plunged here in the city. For instance, strong arm robberies and burglaries took a nose dive because everyone was making money. Most hustlers along the east coast would verify their most profitable years in business as being eighty seven, eighty eight

67

and up into the early nineties. Strangely, no one could pinpoint why but it was our connection with the Colombians. Dante began venturing in Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, exchanging cocaine for autillary from a set of crips, and a militant gang who controlled the cities underworld. Several trips to Chicago confirmed his theory about the black militia from there being the most ruthless motherfuckers he ever came across. Even though most were hardened criminals, when ever we visited they showed mad love towards us. All of our connections seemed to be vibing, even in Detroit. My perception of the motor city was that they were wanna be Chi-town players. But i was eminately surprised. Everyone in Detroit seemed to have nice cars and were either entertainers, basketball players or pimps. Next to Philly, Detroit ranked as my favorite city, for enjoyment purposes.

Lakita finally dropped her load, having a healthy six pound. seven ounce boy naming him Justin. We argued about not making him a junior but, it ws her decision and I had to live with it. <sup>HE WAS NAMED JUSTIN. (USEFUL)</sup> Even thourg I knew Dajuan only a short period of time he was named Justins Godfather. Since he was unable to make children, due to a motorcycle accident he sustained years ago, he said he was honored. He rarely spoke of his family, or took me to meet any of his relatives because he said a distant relationship with them was healthier. Over the course of time, Todd and his purchases were drastically increasing. It confused me as to how they were able to maintain their business operations , a sole proprietors, and sojourn with me as much as they did. One Thursday evening, after taking Lakita to her doctors appointment



68

I stopped over my Mothers house to make sure everything was alright. there was an envelope on the table in thr living room addressed to me from Kimmy.

I have been thinking about the disagreement we had the last time we spoke. I came to the conclusion that it does not matter who was right of wrong. All I know is that something has come between us which has been getting worse with time. I hate not hearing from you Ant, and I want to do what is necassary to get our relationship going again with you. I am willing to sacrifice whatever is necassary to make the first step, but I need your help. I think it will make the both of us feel alot better.

Love Always,

Kimmy

I made good on my word to Lakita by not responding to Kimmy's requests, but somehow she found the letter which lead to her moving to her mothers house follwing an argument. Many married men will tellyou it is not only coincidence that "cupid rhymes with "stupid after you get married, said Dajuan.

We spent the weekend at a ski resort with two of his female friends from Spelman College. in Atlanta. Unlike other weekends I spent away from Lakita, this time I really missed her. Om the night before we left the resort Dajuan and I played chess and spoke at length about our pasts. He told me of the many hrdles he had to over come in order to achieve his present day status. I confided in him about our Colombian cocaine suppliersand all of the murders I partook in.

69

He was an attentive listner, seeming to grasp every detail of every issue I shared with him. Despite the success I had been experiencing lately I am not sure of wether or not this was the lifestyle I really desired anymore, I explained. There is nothing worse than working hard for something you want only to ralize when you get it you're not sure if you really want it. Dajuan added. Judging by his conversations common sense would rule he was well educated, or he was not who he said he was. Not only was the brother street smart, he was legal saavy as well. During the middle of our last chess game he recieved a page from Todd. He informed Dajuan about a mutual friend of theirs who had called offering an unbelievable deal. His name was Jamar from New Rochelle, and supposedly counterfeited twenty million dollars of fake twenty, fifty and hundred dollar bills, and was whoesaling them close to nothing. Calling his bluff, I instructed him to call Jamar and arange a meeting so I could inspect the bills. Surprisingly, a Jamar showed up at the New Brunswickk hotel. He was a tall, light skinned brother, sporting dreadlocks. Your first impression of him was that of a pretty boy trying to play Scarface. The bills were as crisp and authintic as the real ones I brought along to compare. For two and a half dollars of real currency, I was told I would recieve ten million dollars of counterfeit bills. I need three or four days to speak with my partner, I told him. I would relay my decision via Dajuan and Todd. Dante was all for the deal after assuring him the bills would be able to be passed along. Mark was a different story beause he was content with his lifestyle, and had no desire of changing it. If it ain't broke, don't fix it, he quoted.

0  
70

Mark enjoyed possessing ghetto glory, so much he retained the two other corners of Fifty second and Market Street and Seventh and Snyder Avenue. After this deal the three of us should retire from the game and live legitimate lives, I persuaded. He refused the offer. Ever since we were kids, Mark always knew the art of making money but somehow found manners in which to inappropriately invest it. I never have encountered a person so penny wise, yet so dollar foolish.

71

Baby this is it, after this deal I am officially out of the business, I told Lakita, before leaving to meet Jamar, Dajuan and Todd at the Marriott near the airport. The original meeting place was New Brunswick again but between me and Dante we possessed five million dollars in cash. We sold all of the cocaine we haf on the streets ans cancelled our contract with the Colombians. They were unhappy with our decision but wished us the best of luck. I knew it was going to be a perfect chapter bookending because of this deal. Todd asked if we could bring Mark along even though he declined the offer so he could met him anyway. Ironically the day before the deal was to take place, Mark had gotten strangely arrested for what neighbors witnessed to be a routine traffic stop, and had not been heard from since. I reckoned he was released and stayed over at one of his girlfriends house like he usually does. So I did not bother to think anything of it. As we were crossing City Avenue in Montgomery County entering Philadelphia, a local police officer ran my tags then puled us over. Like always, he recieved an alias from me and Dante. He wrote the names on what appeared to be the paper for writting tickets, then slowly walked back to his car. After a few minutes passed by he flicked his highbeams on and off and allowed us to be dismissed. Interstate seventy six was jammed up so we detoured to Interstate ninety five and proceeded along. From the time we detoured off of the first expressway a navy blue ford taurus had followed us untill we exited near the hotel. The windows on the sedan were tinted so we were unable to determine who the driver was. As soon as we reached the entrance doors of the hotel Todd and

72

Dajuan emerged from their chairs in the lounge to meet us. He said Jamar was upstairs in the suite awaiting our presence.

The moment you opened the door the aroma of fresh money could easily be whiffed with little effort. You would be late for your own funeral, wise cracked the New Rochelle native. We ran into an enormous traffic jam on the expressway and had to detour, I explained to the dreadlocked man. Dante remained outside of the hotel in the car with our money, while we were in the hotel counting the counterfeit currency. It took us four hours to tally all the money but the count was accurate. Two men he introduced as Double E and Smitty, from Brentwood, removed the money to another room until our cash was counted. The muscular built Long Island pairs only purpose was to secure his money, Jamar assured me. Since everything was correct on his part I instructed Dajuan to give word to Dante to convey our money upstairs. At one period during the time we were counting our money footsteps could be heard outside of the hotel door, as if the elevator had left out a considerable amount of people. A sense of cynicism was endured about this deal, since that occurrence. Occasionally Dante and I would glance up, only to catch each others eyes looking regretful. Something did not seem right. Y'all short fifty two hundred dollars, Jamar said while displaying his count <sup>over</sup> on a piece of paper. ~~That~~ money is correct man. We counted it before we got here, Dante accentuated. Let's count it again ~~he~~ demanded.

Don't worry about the small change, maybe it was my mistake, he apologized. Dajuan, go get the money, as Dajuan stood up he pulled out a gun, as

73

did Jamar and Todd. He ordered Dante and I to the ground and identified himself as a federal agent. The two other men who had been in the other room with the counterfeit money burst into the room. Along with ten other federal agents and U.S. marshalls. I layed on the floor in a state of shock, unable to comprehend what was happening. As we were being escorted from the I turned to look at Dajuan. He put his head down and walked away. We were then transported to the federal building in Phliadelphia, where we remained in custody. On the day before we were to be arraigned I spoke to Lakita and was told she was unable to contact Mark, and that no one had heard from him since he was arrested. I was removed from my cell and put in a secured room in the upstairs of the building.

That evening in the middle of the night, a white federal agent entered the room and awakened me, so that we could talk. Hi, how are you doing Anthony? He greeted as he glimpsed at the mug shot in his hand. My name is officer Mockerly, and I'm in charge of handling organized crime within federal jurisdiction here in Pennsylvania. I'm not here to play fucking games with you, scare you or bull shit you. Here's the deal, he continued while revealing video and cassette tapes. Every business transaction and telephone conversation you had in the past three years, are here and here, reffering to the two tapes. We have enough information to convince a judge that by giving you the electric chair would be showing you leniency. Now Anthony, my man, he said draping his arms around me. You are young, have a beautiful wife, and two lovely children, wouldn't you like to see them again, other than behind a glass window? I need

94

your help in bringing down those Colombian pricks from Miami. And if you do so, I will personally see to it that with good behavior, in five years, you will be on the streets again fucking your mistress from New York. What do you say brother? One hand washes the other and both wash the face, remember? With him knowing about Kimmy meant those assholes had done their homework. But I was neither impressed nor intimidated by the officer. Officer Mockerly, you fail to realize that you are not talking to a small time corner boy. The feds can't make deals. I explained to the frowning officer. Let me say it again officer Mockerly, the feds can not make deals. Promises maybe, but not deals. So as for your deal brother, read my lips, kiss my ass! Now may I call my lawyer!!



TOTAL

75

## *The Final Chapter*

"All rise. This is the United States District Court with the honorable Kevin Fitzgerald Buckwilder presiding in the criminal case of the United States of America verses Anthony Preston, also known as Anthony Butler, Tony Edwards, Antonio De Shawn and Antoine King. Please remove all hats, close all newspapers, and remain silent while court is in session. Thank you!" That was the court announcer making the entry speech for the judge who was just entering the courtroom. Every alias name that I had used during traffic stops or during routine searches had now surfaced in court. I had no idea that every incident that had occurred involving the police was being recorded and would be preserved for future reference.

The lead prosecutor was an asshole named Ronald King who had acquired a reputation as being a hardnosed district attorney that would go beyond the call of duty to have a defendant sentenced above the legal guidelines. Going into court, though I felt reasonably comfortable because I had attained one of the city's finest criminal attorneys named Vinchenzio Mirarchi, who primarily dealt exclusively with racketeering cases. He was also known for being a vigorous lawyer whose claim to fame was gaining the acquittal of one of Philadelphia's most notorious mobsters named Frank "Little Frnkie" Ianuzzi off the hook. Mr. Mirarchi had instructed me prior to going to court not to show any sort of emotion or facial expressions during the length of



the trial. The reasoning behind this instruction was because if I did do so, that it could subliminally persuade the jury that the allegations made against me were indeed valid. He had also suggested that I have as many family and friends as possible to attend the trial in it's entirety. That inturn could show that I had significant support from the community as well as from the home-front.

I wore a one hundred percent virgin wool suit by Georgio Armani, a white shirt, and a paisley printed tie complimenting the matching suspenders. Lakita had bought me a pair of gators but I had them sent back for a pair of black suede Cole Haans. The opening arguments began with the prosecutor reading my laundry list of charges. The list included murder drugs, extortion, kidnapping, and corruption of the minds of minors.

As the prosecutor continued reading the charges I had realized that something was definitely wrong with Mark's attorney not being present. Initially, the both of our counsel had opted for separate trials and surprisingly the motion was granted by the judge. Even with the motion being granted, it still would seem logical that his attorney be present at my trial, at least to take notes or to find out the outcome of the case.

The Philadelphia Times had referred to me as the "black John Gotti", in numerous articles that had been written pertaining to the trial. For the past two years, I had already crowned myself as the New York don anyway, so the comment

??

made by the newspaper only served as a compliment. That was my mode of thinking at the time. As the district attorney concluded with the charges that were being assessed to me the judge had then asked me how did I plea?

"Absolutely, one hundred percent not guilty your honor." I sarcastically answered. The crowded courtroom erupted into laughter, as did I. My attorney emphatically instructed me to compose myself and to respond to the questions that were being asked of me appropriately. He also reminded me that I was on trial facing serious charges and that I could possibly become a prime candidate for the death penalty. I had never considered capital punishment as a possibility until Mr. Mirarchi had stated that it could become a likely suggestion from our opposers. After my plea Judge Buckwilder questioned the prosecutor as to what type of evidence was going to be manifested to support the states allegations.

"Your honor," he stoutly retorted, "we have recorded numerous gang meetings all implicating Mr. Preston as the ringleader of the N.R.P.'s, commonly known as the 'Nubian Ruled Plutocracy.' To add to that your magistrate, we also have a co-conspirator, now turned government infotmant named Mark ~~Gregory Hill~~. DieGS

"What the fuck is going on?" I questioned Mr. Mirarchi. He briefly explained to me that he had heard whispers of the possibility that Mark had been working along with the government to protect his own ass. The filled courtroom had also displayed a sigh of unbelief when Mark's name was mentioned. The prosecutor then

78

cynically glanced at our table as to capture our reaction to his reply to the judge. I rested my head on the table and shook it in total disbelief. I recalled explaining to this fucking stool pigeon years ago that the feds cannot make deals because it is illegal ultimately leaving the sentencing solely to the judge. At this point I knew that I was going to get fucked, by acquiring a lacadaisical attorney who was either unknowing or unwilling to elucidate substantial facts pertaining to this probe. Oddly, after learning that there is a legal memorandum that is referred to as discovery in the judicial system I was wholeheartedly convinced that Mr. Mirarchi knew of Mark's betrayal but had not informed me of that tid-  
ing. The judge had then called for a recess and for the court to resume in one hour.

During the break, as I was being escorted to the holding cell, Lakita had blew me a kiss and gestured thumbs up while my daughter could be heard crying 'daddy'. Once I reached the cell I broke down into tears as a result of feeling ashamed to be in this fucked-up predicament in front of my mother, my wife, and my daughter. Now was not the time to be falling to pieces because it was imperative that I remain strong for my family as well as for myself. With so many bothersome thoughts emanating through my head, the recess had seemed to be perpetuated for about ten hours instead of one. Finally the court officers escorted me back to the media filled courtroom, where a brief scuffle had broken out between two girls that I previously dated.

The judges behest called for the prosecutor to call the states first witness to the stand. Mr.

29

King had summoned Federal Bureau of Investigation agent George "Buddy" Wagner. The judge then ordered Mr. Wagner to raise his right hand, spell his last name and to state his accreditation.

"Wagner, W-A-G-N-E-R badge number one seven seven six, I am a government agent assigned to handling organized crime factions in the tri-state area, which includes Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware."

"Do you swear to tell the truth , the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on the words of the almighty God?" questioned the court officer.

"I do" he replied.

"Please be seated Mr. Wagner, the judge instructed. The prosecutor opened up by asking him if he saw anyone in court today that he could positively identify as knowingly violating the laws that were set by the four fathers of this country?

"Yes I do" ,he answered, then he looked and pointed towards me.

"Okay then Mr. Wagner, can you please explain to the ladies and gentleman of the jury, what exactly your investigation of this menace to society found?"

"Objection your honor" Mr. Mirarchi intervened with, "My clients name is Preston and he should be referred to as such."

"Sustained" said the judge. The prosecutor then continued with the instruction of telling the agent to explain the results of the Bearus investigation.

"On November the seventeenth in the year nine-teen eighty seven, my superior officer Commander George Mockerly had received a phone call

80

from a street informant named Lenny stating that a new black militant drug gang that had been going ~~going~~ <sup>known</sup> by the name of the N.R.P.'s, which stood for Nubian Ruled Plutocracy."

"Objection your honor," my attorney had once again intervened. "Associating my client with any form of ethnic militia coterie is a superficial allegation that is no more than vacuous hearsay, at best."

"Sustained", the judge uttered gesturing towards the agent as to tell him to continue on with what he was saying.

"Upon receiving this information from Lenny" agent Wagner recalled, "Commander Mockerly had immediately notified his superiors of this data. After several days of confidential investigation by the Beauru. I was later informed by the Commander that I was going to be the assigned dignitary to this outseting probe. Upon being told of the ordinance, I then appointed agents Dajuan Coles, badge number one eight seven zero, and agent Todd Woods, badge number two one one zero, as undercover agents posing as drug dealers. A thorough investigation continued with agent Coles and agent Woods purchasing over three hundred pounds of powdered cocaine from Mr. Preston, as well as from his associates, over a thirty-eight month time period. During the peak of this investigation, the department had been informed that Mr. Preston, along with two of the other co-defendants in this case, had become prime suspects in three other unsolved murder cases occurring here in Pennsylvania and also in the state of California. Upon notification of the mentioned information, homicide units along with the organized crime task force, were made aware

81

of our departments findings. After allied forces were merged together, with the direction of the Beauru, the probe was formally named 'operation shutdown'. Listening devices such as telephone bugs, wired buildings, and street informants all served as complimentary aids in assisting us in completing our investigation. During this probe we had also learned that the N.R.P.'s had links with crips of south central Los Angeles, a billion dollar Colombian drug cartel based in Miami, Florida, and an unnamed militant drug gang that tyrannized the metropolitan Chicago area. Again , further investigation did in fact prove that these cliques did share common bonds, ultimately resulting in the arrest of Mr. Preston and seven of his associates."

The agent had finished giving his testimony and began exiting the witness stand after the judge had instructed him to do so. Judge Buckwilder had recessed the court for thirty minutes, then cross examination was set to begin. While being escorted to the holding cell, I was overwhelmed by learning the fact that the only way the feds know how much dope you have peddled over a specific period of time, is because you sold the shit directly to them.

While I was waiting in the holding cell during the recess, Mr. Mirarchi had stepped through the door of the iron gate that had seperated the cells from the corridor area leading back to the courtroom. As he approached the metal bench, in which I had been sitting, the despondant guise on his face had made it obvious that something had gone wrong.

"Anthony, the prosecutor is offering us a plea bargain in exchange for a guilty plea from you." he dejectedly said. " If you plead guilty to all charges



82

now, they will recommend a life sentence with the possibility of parole after thirty years, to the judge.

"As opposed to what?" I emphatically questioned.

"As opposed to being sentenced to die", he answered. At that point the room seemed to become suddenly dark, and my body became numb. Mr. Mirarchi had thought entertaining the possibility of the plea bargain would be in my best interest, because if I had to spend the rest of my life behind bars, it would be better than dieing by the electric chair. But who the fuck wants to live under those circumstances? So I had told him that I would need a little time to think about a decision because it was not an issue that could be immediatly responded too. It was approximately fifteen minutes before court was due to resume when I had informed him of my decision to proceed with the trial and to fuck the prosecutors' plea bargain. If I was going down I was not going down without a fight, besides, I had paid Mr. Mirarchi well over fifty thousand dollars for his counsel.

Cross examination began with Mr. Mirarchi asking agent <sup>WAGNER</sup> ~~Mockerly~~ if he or any of his affiliates, at any time, ever found me directly in possession of anykind of controlled substance?

"No" he responded.

"Well then Mr. <sup>WAGNER</sup> ~~Mockerly~~, at any time did you find my client in possession of firearms?"

"No sir" he once again responded.

"Did you find any assortment of firearms or controlled substances on the properties belonging to my client, Mr. Preston?"

"No, sir but the illegal drugs and guns that

00

were siezed during the raids of Mr. Prestons known safe houses, did in fact belong to your client."

"Sir, that is not the question I asked of you" a smirking Mr. Mirarchi responded with, "Do you need me to reiterate the question again for better understanding, Mr. ~~Mockerly~~?" WAGNER

"No, that will not be necessary", the agent scornfully replied.

"In granting the notion that your answers have been recorded with the responses of no , I now question you as to how in God's name you can lawfully associate Mr. Preston with these hideous transgressions?"

"Objection, your honor", the prosecutor said as he jumped out of his chair "The defense is attempting to question the legalities of this case with an officer whose obligation is only to enforce the laws which were set forth by the founding fathers of this country."

"Sustained", yelled the magistrate. Shortly after the interrogation was completed by Mr. Mirarchi, a fifteen minute recess was then ordered by the judge before bringing in the states next witness. During this recess since it was only a short break, I remained seated in the courtroom. I was unaware of who the states following witness was, but I had noticed that additional sheriffs were making their way into the courtroom. Mr. Mirarchi had thereafter alerted me to the fact that the next corraerator that was about to provide testimony against me was the states strongest alibi.

The court had now resumed as the informant was commanded to make his way to the now enclosed witness stand that had been shielded by what appeared



to be three pieces of tinted plexiglass for the purpose of protection and to safeguard the identity of the stool pigeon. The prosecutor then told him to spell his first and last name for the court's records without revealing anymore personal information unless being instructed to do so exclusively by the judge.

"Mark Diggs, that is D-I-G-G-S."

"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing less tha the truth in this case on the almighty words of God?" questioned the court officer.

"I do." Mark responded. Upon listening to my life time best friend begin to sell his soul to the devil my heart had dropped to me stomach, and I felt slight drips of urine trickling alongside of my leg. I would have never believed in a million years that this mother fucker, of all people, would do this shit to me. My anxiety had increased because I knew that if there was anyone that could have certainly validated the governments claim, it could only have been him, due to the fact that Shawn was dead and Dante had remained a fugitive.

As he began to testify against me I helplessly could not stop thinking about the days when Mark and I would find ourselves in a villa in the west Indies, or just cruising down the lively streets of Manhattan snorting a sixteenth, simply politicing about life and how we had turned a small time drug business into a lucrative organization. I can recollect a conversation that we had when we were at a Master P concert in New Orleans several years ago when Mark had pointed out the fact that we were not born with silver spoons in our mouths, but we had the obligation to our children to see to it

85

that they did. He had also stated that because we had the Colombians backing us, with all of the cocaine we had possibly needed, the Italians being in alliance with us because we were now their suppliers, and having crip connections from Los Angeles handling the dirty work, meant that we were a rare group of organized blacks who were in <sup>control</sup> ~~control~~ <sup>with power</sup> ~~with power~~ that would put us under immediate scrutiny from the government. <sup>TOTAL</sup> <sup>WHICH IN TURN</sup> <sup>HAD</sup>

Mark had always been the eyes that were in back of me but now he had made a deal with the devil, by aiding them in attempting to have me dwell in the belly of the beast for the rest of my life. He continued on with his deposition by detailing on how we would spend several nights at exclusive hotels counting our illegal drug profits, at times reaching as high as two million dollars, in denominations of ones, fives and tens. He also explained to the jury, that after counting all of this blood money we would take trips to the Atlantic City casinos to launder the money by going to Black Jack tables, exchanging the dirty money for playing chips, then redeeming the chips at the cashiers booth for crisp fifty and one hundred dollar bills after only playing two hands. Lastly, he described in detail, about every murder contract that was ordered by us including the homicide of J.T., only placing himself as a lookout. Mr. Mirarchi had then told me that Marks testimony was the most damaging allegations that he had ever encountered in his twenty five years of practice. Mark had ended his testimony by labeling me as the mastermind that was responsible for flooding the streets of Philadelphia with cocaine and bood.

The mid-afternoon had soon approached with the judge adjourning the court until the next day. Before leaving the courtroom, my attempt to kiss my mother was almost immediately obstructed by three emerging sheriffs that were called into the room prior to my exiting. The next day Mark was called back to the witness stand to face cross examination from my attorney. He had attempted to detect any contradictions in Marks given allegations, but with the prosecutor objecting to many of Mr. Mirarchi's questions to Mark, it was virtually impossible to do so. The cross examination was boring, non-effective, and brief, leaving some spectators yawning. The plea bargain that was at one time obtainable from the prosecution was no longer available and I began feeling a sense of desperation coming from my defense counsel. The last testimony would come from the undercover agent Todd Woods. He had affirmed that he and fellow agent Dajuan Coles had purchased about one hundred and eighty one keyloads of cocaine, with a street value of three and a half million dollars, over a three year period.

Ironically, it was later learned that agent Coles was not present at the trial because he was placed in a rehabilitation center by the department for the very same narcotic that he had worked so hard to get banished from the streets. Closing arguments began with the prosecutor summarizing the same information that was explicated by all three of the witnesses, and by my attorney attempting to simply exonerate me from any accused wrong doings. The judge then charged the case to the jury to begin deliberations. The media and the spectators had

remained put until four o'clock in the afternoon when the judge decided to conclude deliberations for the day and to resume tommorow.

That night I had come down with a severe case of diarreah, presumably from all of the worrying that I had suffered through the course of the trial. The next morning had come with the judge questioning the jury's foreman as to if a verdict had been reached. The foreman had informed the judge that a verdict had been reached, handing a llettr to the court officer, who then handed it to the judge. Silence filled the normally riotous courtroom as the verdict was read by the standing foreman.

"We, the jury, in the case of the United States verses Anthony Preston, find the defendant accused of murder and racketeering crimes, guilty as charged." Loud sobbing from Lakita and my mother could be heard throughout the courtroom. Afterwards, the judge had instructed Mr.Mirarchi that sentencing was going to be held promptly at eleven o'clock tommorow morning. The sheriffs had then escorted me quickly out of the courtroom. Mr. Mirarchi made his way back to the holding area and had apologized to me for loosing the case, but made me aware of the fact that he had done everything that was legally possible in attempting to gain me an acquittal. Before leaving, he also said that if I had any intentions of retaining him as an attorney to petition an appeal that he would need the money upfront before starting his process. At that point I felt as though the whole world had deserted me because of my fallen celebrity status. No more did I feel like the "black John Gotti", only like another dumb, drug dealing nigger chasing a bullshitting dream.

88

Sentencing day had arrived with the judge asking if there was anything I would like to say to the court before he delivered his sentence. I stood up and began reading from a letter that Mr. Mirarchi had composed for me the night before because I was too nerve wrecked to write one myself. Imagine that, a decision between life or death is about to be levied upon me and I did not have the impudence or the sense to be able to compose an oration that could possibly safeguard my own existence from demise. As I had begun reading the apologetic letter I had noticed that the judge was gazing at me with a glare of bewilderment, as to wonder if I was the person who was actually responsible for writing this letter. After reading my speech, he instructed me to remain standing as he prepared to formally announce his sentence.

"Mr. Preston," he said as he was taking off his glasses, "You have blatantly violated judicial laws, family values, and moral consciousness, with your inexcusable, assassin behavior. Amongst the law abiding citizens here in Philadelphia, and to my own spectacle, you display little or no remorse for your demeanors. Judging by the facts that were substantial in the jury rendering a guilty verdict, I have no other choice but to sentence you to die, for the hideous crimes that you have committed. Also Mr. Preston, I sincerely hope that you find an inner peace within yourself as well as in a higher power before the time of your judging hour." When I heard him sentence me to die, a feeling filled my body. As I was being shackled and led out of the courtroom, my mother had fallen to the floor crying as she pleaded to the leaving judge not to kill her

89

Tears had begun falling down my face and I began feeling lightheaded because of all of the camras and the lights in the courtroom. The next day I was going to be moved to a super maximum security prison, that was located in Texas, to begin my sentence on death row. While being shipped to my desztiny of death, many a thoughts were trekking through my head.

The mere thought of loosing my freedom for ghetto glory and the sake of a fucking dollar just did not seem worth it at this point. During the process of me ruining my own black people , by making crack readily available to them, like most fruitless drug dealers in the hood, I had always attempted to fault the whit man for my own mis conduct. But the whit man did not conspire with me to purchase the automatic weapons that paralyzed the little boy who was caught in the middle of a crossfire resulting from a drug war. He also did not have anything to do with me filling up the plastic vials with a substance that destroyed my neighbors beautiful daughter, and made her a prostitute to support her addiction for crack and my addiction to get a pair of Gucci's.

Towards the end of my fallen celebrity status, where were these so called friends, that I had reffered to as part of my posse when I needed a character witness? Not one of these motherfukers showed up during the trial to testify on my behalf. The "black John Gotti" how could that be when he recieved life and I got death? Maybe justice ain't colorblind.